

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Associate Justice.....W. A. JOHNSON
Governor.....E. N. MORRILL
Lieut. Governor.....J. C. THOMAS
Secretary of State.....W. C. EDWARDS
Auditor of State.....Geo. E. COLE
State Treasurer.....Otis L. ATKINSON
Attorney General.....F. B. DAWES
Supt. Public Instruction.....E. STANLEY

FOR CONGRESS.

First District.....C. S. KIRKPATRICK
Fourth District.....CHARLES CURTIS
Fifth District.....W. A. CALDERHEAD
Sixth District.....A. H. ELLIS
Seventh District.....WALTER L. LONG
Congressman at Large.....R. W. ELZE

YOU ARE A LIAR.

That was a very strong illustration, not to say vivid realization, of what mothers on the political platform and women at the hustings would be, and afforded the eyes of the whole country, by Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Diggs at Topeka on Friday. Could Bishop Vincent after all have been correct in his much criticized declaration that women when like environments are no better than men? Whether true or not all must agree as to the humiliation of the spectacle of two Kansas women, who have become noted only because of their extreme utterances, publicly vilifying each other before a mixed crowd of women and men, politicians, strikers and Pops, by passing the lie, Mrs. Lease, meanwhile, boasting the high esteem in which she is held by the people of this state. This is purifying politics and elevating official life with a vengeance.

This Lease woman, as a political and religious vane, seems to have been constructed wholly of hinges and eccentricities. She veers and flops to the direction of all conceivable winds and when their popular currents run counter or seem to unexpectedly cross, she simply turns a somersault. Starting out originally as a prohibitionist, she has successfully supported every known party and organization. Bora, baptist and raised a Catholic, she cultivated the Methodists and was finally named a Campbellite. As a state official, under Pop appointment, with a big salary, she, on the occasion of the above unseemly quarrel alluded to, announces that having just escaped the jaws of death she had consecrated her life, henceforth, to the cause of labor and prohibition.

Thus are women to purify the social atmosphere and rescue the political world from the depths into which thugs, blackguards and the unreliable elements have plunged it. Mrs. Diggs and Mrs. Lease are so unchangeable and constant, so exalted and free from every suggestion of the vulgar bally and swaggering brag that publicly denounce each other as liars.

But these women once admitted to the ballot box and the prohibition law will be enforced, it is pleaded. The only places in the state where the prohibition law is not enforced is in the towns and cities where the women already vote. In the country districts where the women do not vote that law is universally enforced. Like every other plea for women in politics, it is specious sentiment and against reason and experience, as rotten and hypocritical as the amenities existing between those two great leading lights of womanly reform, Mothers Diggs and Lease.

And so women once armed with the ballot the interest of the home life will be thus conserved. Calm, pure and dignified women will decide between the claims of opposing parties and cast their ballot only for the good and the right. She will never stop over, but rising superior to all partisanship and the individual claims of candidates will execute the will of the majority as the lightning's course marks the electric finger of omnipotence. After the husband and father have gone to the scenes of their daily toil the wife and daughter will not like men, become excited, leave the breakfast dishes unwashed and beds unmade and rush out to adjust things by calling some other inconsistent woman a liar, get head put on them, to meet the men folk on their return to dinner with an eye in mourning or a nose out of joint. Women are not so human as all that as Diggs and Lease on occasion most abundantly have demonstrated.

WILL THE MESSIAH COME?

It is a serious circumstance that many men of sound minds, not given to visionary dress, have predicted the coming of a Messiah. They have not made this prediction as a joke or as an idle random mental shot.

During the last week we had a war scare. The busy Mr. Debs now retires from the field tattered and torn. His cause was spurious and his course of action lame.

But back of the actual conflict there was still a greater trouble. That cause is the sordid, unscrupulous and contemptible greed for gold. This nation has gone wild on the question of money, not money with which to subsist, but money for money's sake. The possession of money for money's sake alone, brings with it arrogance, superciliousness, distrust and greed.

It has come to a point when all our conclusions are reached from the position money occupies in our course of reasoning. If the courts do not decide to our liking the courts have been bought up. If our officials act contrary to expectations, the officials have been bribed. The collection taken in the churches impresses many a man in the congregation that the church is a great deal more eager to get its hands on money than it is to save souls. There appears to be no organization, religious or otherwise, with which the idea of a contribution or an assessment of money is not connected.

The rich man squeezes his employee's wage for more money. The employee is no better. He strikes for higher wages—that is, more money. When the employee becomes the master he is just as grinding and grasping as the master before him was.

The employee is just as avaricious as the employer. For that reason it is improbable that labor and capital will ever wage a war of extermination against each other. Labor has too respectful a feeling for money to destroy the industries by which it gains the money. Capital will refuse to war on labor when capital

finds its money imperiled. It is a matter of gold on all sides.

The majority of the people believe that the church and the state exist and thrive for gain. The majority of people believe it because they themselves are tainted with the same spirit of gain. There is not a man before the public to-day, no matter how honest and conscientious he may be, who is not charged here, there, and everywhere, with being corrupt and dishonest. He is charged with corruption because the nation is at the feet of the gold and believes so implicitly in its false god that it is convinced that no human attribute can withstand the power of money.

The question is, can any one man drag the nation from this quagmire? The statesman who would attempt it would be beaten because of money and the wide-spread suspicion of his corruption, no matter what he would do.

It may be this tangle which has prompted many men to predict the coming of a Messiah, who is far above humanity and who is possessed of attributes which defy suspicion. The remedy may be of human possibility, but it does not look so now.

GIVE THEM LEAD.

In street parlance, California has "got it in the neck." Sixteen days of total suspension by the railroads, with a heavy fruit crop just ready for market, the public mind and all express matter at a dead stand-still, people with important business interests to be looked after, unable to move from point to point, and the state and government troops literally overpowered by numbers and the entire state under martial law, is certainly not a pleasant picture to look upon. If it means anything, it means that the conditions on the Pacific coast are abnormal, and it means further that that portion of the federation of states is sadly in need of some vigorous reconstructive measures. Since the stormy days of Dennis Kearney's agitation there has been a turbulent element which seems to have about the same regard for constituted authority as a lot of wild beasts. They have held their sordid orgies and spewed their treasonable venom at all restraining influences till they have come to assume it as a right to disregard law, and defy the power of state and national government. How long this is to be tolerated will depend largely upon the measures adopted to suppress these rowdies. It looks, at this distance, that no better time could be had to determine, once for all, whether they are to continue to defy government troops, or not, than now. The troops are on the ground with their artillery, rifles and side arms. They have marching orders from the commander in chief of the armies of the United States, they are all in fighting trim, and the things are organized and ready for battle. Let them have it in the good old fashioned way, like Jackson at New Orleans or Grant at Vicksburg and there will not only be peace but a peace for years to come which will be at once a guarantee of the safety of life and property which will place California in a position to realize upon her magnificent natural resources. By all means give these cattle a dose of discipline which will teach them that the best way to live in peace is to observe the law.

WASHINGTON'S GOVERNMENT WILL LIVE.

The European press, more especially the London and Berlin papers, are predicting the near end of popular rule in America. It is concluded that no government of the people can survive dissensions among the people, that the strikes are beyond the control of its leaders or suppression by the authorities in power. The strike is pointed to the Nemesis of our protective labor system. These papers are shooting at long range, but a return shot would not be longer, that is to say, if Europe had kept her abnormal and restless elements at home and taught them the wholesomeness of law, America would not be experiencing the present trouble. The average American citizen comes nearer being a law unto himself than the average citizen of any other country in the present or past. The assassinations of American officials are by foreigners, in whose hands only are found the bomb and the torch. Although pardoned some of them last summer, but Chicago hung another of them day before yesterday.

The United States of America have been tried by fire, and their federation has become a unity, and will stand even if it becomes necessary to compel these foreign critics to keep their unbribeable and wrongly educated drift at home. It is the extreme of unwisdom for the survival of the effort, to talk about the "old sins of America."

LABOR'S RIGHTS.

There is a good deal of wild talk in these Debs days about the rights of organized labor. It is said that labor is in peril, that labor, which is in demand everywhere and at all times, and which creates and sustains every value, is going to be destroyed or converted into slavery or transferred to machinery. Had Debs' ill-advised and unwarranted walk-out in the interest of Pullman's employees, and had that result been followed by a strike of the federated organizations, and everything brought to a stand still, the rights of labor would not have been emphasized, nor in Debs' failure are the legal and real rights of any union annulled. Rights, real rights, founded on morals and upon reason will survive all such bluster of salaried heads as are but theories leading to destruction of life and property. Labor has no right to organize for war. Shooting or burning cannot be made right or make right. Powderly said: "A strike is a wound, a boycott death," and he was right. A strike hurts employee and employer alike and never helps either. While organization cannot annul or probably even modify the law of supply and demand it can command the equitable thing as between man and man, but not by a resort to violence.

TWO KINDS OF GOVERNORS.

While the people of the country were apprehensive of what the Populist governments might do, when they remembered Lowell's rebellion and Waite's insurrections and wars in Colorado, Jones, the governor of Alabama, put in bed of two times and got out a proclamation.

It rang like a bell in its clear notes. He opened up by declaring that he wanted no boycotting-sympathetic business in the state of Alabama and that he didn't propose to have it. He went on to say: "There is no dispute between the railroads and their employees in Alabama and Alabama is not called on to suffer because of a misunderstanding of a local factory in a distant state—that the plea that the people of a whole state should suffer because of a strike of some car builders in Illinois was a wicked plea, and that therefore his state nor people were going to be used to inflict punishment on Pullman or anybody else with whom they had no connection near or remote. Jones is a trump. He knew that Alabama corn and cotton would continue to grow, strike or no strike, but his determination that its commercial, manufacturing and mining interests should not unnecessarily suffer was sound. But Lowellling wanted votes and if he could have gotten but an assurance of the number necessary to re-elect him he would have permitted not only the blocking of the entire industrial and commercial affairs of Kansas, but would have done nothing to protect its property from the fate of Blue Island, otherwise his words to the Argentine strikers meant nothing.

Arbitrate at the ballot-box, you kicker. Sovereign must be about convinced that it is "all day" with one Knight.

Was it Mr. Sovereign's idea to afford amusement to Terence V. Powderly?

If Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Diggs keep on, it may result in rolling-pins and coffee for two.

Debs is still of the opinion that like the Injun, the only good engine is the dead engine.

Cuss all you want to, Mrs. Diggs. Emancipate your sex. Taxation without profanity is tyranny.

The frightful example of woman in politics was illustrated by Mrs. Lease and Mrs. Diggs at Topeka.

"Great Scott," yells the Turk as the earth commences to tip up and cavort, "And I only took one glass."

Now that Debs' turmoil is settled people will turn their attention again to the uprising in the thermometers.

Just let Mrs. Diggs and Mrs. Lease go a little bit further and Mr. Lease will not invite Mr. Diggs to his next party.

Breckinridge is making a Lease and Diggs campaign. He snarls on all occasions and calls his opponents liars.

California had better cease raising fruit and produce simply gold and pug-dogs. A railroad strike cannot stop them.

By this time it must be slowly creeping in on the jumbled mind of Farmer Funston that he was struck by something.

Mr. Debs is willing to make a conditional surrender. But the United States usually demands an unconditional surrender.

Commercial inactivity is bound to follow when the strikers kill the locomotives, and so many of the cars are sleeping cars.

Actions speak louder than words. Breckinridge says nothing that is unfit for publication, but he did some things that were.

Sovereign says he will fight the railroads to the end. It is understood, of course, that Mr. Sovereign is speaking for himself.

When martial law is proclaimed every one is told to go to his home. What a terror martial law must have for Mrs. Lease.

Women never forget the harmony of color. Little Mrs. Diggs was, of course, clad in a blue dress when she swore a blue streak.

An examination of the city directory of Chicago shows that there is only one Debs and one Altgeld in Chicago. Good for the directory.

Generally speaking, the careers of "General" Coxey and "General" Sanders are somewhat eclipsed by the actions of general managers.

The National Educational association consistently condemns the great strike. They have practically abolished striking in their profession.

The golden statue of Liberty is the only thing left at the World's Fair. As she is a woman, she is probably waiting to have the last word.

First we had Coxey and then Debs, but without result. Give us an earthquake. There ought to be something to make congress adjourn.

Debs says he has made his last overture to the general managers. Musically speaking, he had to change his tune considerably to do even that.

It must be horrible for Sovereign to think that he has no more influence with the Knights of Labor than Cleveland has with the Democratic party.

This country has seen many men fall into themselves, but never did it see a man do it with the delicacy and technique with which Sovereign did it.

After Mrs. Diggs has been in politics as long as P. P. Elder she may be able to swear with the ease that he does. But it takes time, Mrs. Diggs, it takes time.

Sovereign should hunt up Colonel Conger of Ohio and have a sympathetic bonfire with him. Conger called upon all the Republicans to strike against McKinley.

Gompers and his executive committee orders all members of the Federated Union to vote the Populist ticket. Ordering men to vote never was much of a success in this country.

What we need right now, in this country is high protective tariffs instead of low tariffs. It would give employment

to everybody, put money into circulation and fill the land with gladness, instead of strife.

What's the matter with the country? Half the people are idle, and the employed are complaining of low wages. It is impossible to maintain good prices for labor when business is dead and scores of unemployed are standing by pleading for work at half price. The threat of free trade or low tariff killed the business of the country, and now high tariff is what we need to give employment and prosperity.

A prominent Presbyterian minister of this state—First church, big town—in writing a private letter to the editor of the Eagle commending his course on the subject of female suffrage parenthetically observes: "A woman who is not a woman and womanly is nothing."

Had the editor of the Eagle said that his funeral would have taken place just the same but the attendance would have been even more scattering than that it promises.

Sol Miller: The Clay Center Dispatch says that Cy Leland was sent to Kansas by Jay Gould, as his political agent, and we have no doubt that every citizen paper in the state will take up and reiterate the assertion, although Leland has been a constant resident of the state since June, 1888. Gould was at that time running a tan-yard among the hills of New York. He may have sent Leland to Kansas to tan skunkskins. If so, he is attending strictly to his business.

FOR KANSAS ONLY.

Every Kansas town has a Solon. It is his business to assume knowledge of everything and everybody. He must be infallible. To fail to know where a place is on a map, or to acknowledge that he could not pronounce any word or name brought to him, or to confess that he did not know whether a certain official had been elected in 1890 or 1892, would mean everlasting disgrace.

On the Kansas circuit, the Solon is the reading of the latest daily papers. The stone steps of the court house is usually the forum upon which this Solon sits while his worshippers gather about him and listen to him read the latest news.

Of course the recent strike has been an important time for this individual.

The Solon of a Butler county town, from the trouble's incompetency, had read the exciting details of Debs' rebellion to a crowd of eager listeners. One particularly morning, he unwrapped the newspaper and thrilled the crowd with the authoritative announcement which he had taken from the headline—"Blood in Chicago."

Then he began to read the account: "Chicago, July 6.—Today the state militia and the rioters met in bloody conflict. The soldiers fired, killing seven. The dead are—"

The reader paused and looked hard at the newspaper. Then he cleared his throat.

"The dead are—"

"Gentlemen, the names of the dead are Michael—"

Here the speaker who had never been known to have faltered before, halted again and the crowd began to get restless.

There was a good deal of tittering and the disgusted Solon set his feet squarely on the ground, pushed out his chest, and uttered his lips and yelled: "The dead are—"

There was a painful mixture of gurgling snorts, asthmatic wheezes and a splutter from the Solon's mouth and he fell over in a faint.

Several men caught him up and bore him away. One of the men who remained picked up the fallen paper and read to himself the fatal line: "The dead are Michael Skawtatzkiuff, and Anton Szgwidzibetka."

"John," said a Topeka woman to her husband, "have you seen the Santa Fe railroad this morning?"

"Yes, Why?"

"Oh! It must be perfectly sickening! Will they just let it bleed and fester without doing anything to help it?"

"Great Scott, Mary," yelled the husband, "Are you crazy? What do you mean?"

"Now don't get excited, John. Didn't I just read in the paper that all the seats had been pulled off the Santa Fe railroad?"

"You say," said the sharp lawyer to the witness under cross-examination, "that you saw this man knock down a 3-story house with a single blow of the hammer?"

"Yes, sir, I did," said the witness.

"Now sir, I want you to tell the jury how this slight, frail man here, engaged in the easy occupation of making cakes and pies—a baker—could knock down a 3-story house?"

"There's nothing to explain. It was five years ago. He wasn't a baker then. He was an auctioneer."

"Our men are going out on a strike," said the employer, pale and trembling. "Nothing can stop them. I have begged them—pleaded with them not to do it, but they are determined."

"You say you have tried everything?" spoke up his partner.

"Everything?"

"Well, I say you haven't. I'll fix 'em. Here, good-bye. I take the next train for Chicago. I will see Sovereign and get him to order them out. They will never go out then. That'll fix 'em. Good-bye."

Mrs. Lease strode over to Mrs. Diggs and glared at her savagely. "You called me a liar," said Mrs. Lease. "Take it back, you low-lived creature."

"Don't you call me names," said Mrs. Diggs. "You dirty son of a gun—a low-down, dirty daughter-of-a-gun."

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Prisco will have a sale of unclaimed town lots July 23.

Enid has its rights and it is inclined to be explosive about them.

One of the queer phrases used in Beaver county is: "Cuss him up a batch."

The city council of Enid issued a call for a special election for the office of mayor.

The first Oklahoma grapes are on the market. They were raised near Lexington.

The Populists demanded statehood. Now that they bring the Democratic congress to time.

The high school in Oklahoma City will probably be located on the military reservation.

The Populist platform adopted in El Paso announces that fusion will not be tolerated.

At Ratoon in Q county, at the depth of sixteen feet, a vein of coal fifteen inches thick has been found.

In the recent Populist convention there were forty-four Union veterans and twelve Confederate veterans.

Ralph Beaumont was originally from Rochester, N. Y., but he hasn't lived anywhere in particular recently.

One Oklahoma paper speaks of Angles

in Heaven and the Yukon Weekly wants to know if they are acute or obtuse.

A young girl is said to have made the best speech at the recent Populist convention. Her name was Miss Walling.

The war is on at Enid. The town got tired of waiting for Debs to get off the stage and give some one else a chance.

An omnibus item from last week's Pond Creek Tribune: "Get ready to celebrate if we win, but if we lose—2-2 + 1 + 3 = 11."

A Kansas farmer sent his boy to Hennessey to get him away from the girls and what an hideous picnic that kid is having.

The smart farmer of Oklahoma never becomes so much engrossed in the troubles of the nation that he forgets to plow his grounds.

Out in Beaver county when court is held people flock to it as they would to a theatre. It is about the only amusement the citizens have.

Black Hawk, a Cheyenne Indian tried to sell a Bible in El Reno the other day. He only asked five cents for it but he could get no one to take it.

Bert Greer in the Perry Times notifies his readers that it is too hot to write long political editorials but he informs them informally that the Democratic party is still dead.

Ralph Beaumont calls Cleveland a dirty dog. Cleveland holds office for thirty years yet and Oklahoma is still a territory. Oklahoma had better muzzle Mr. Beaumont.

It is said that a citizen of Round Pond got a pass to Chicago for his wife from the Rock Island for sending away the names of the man who tore up the track three some weeks ago.

A young man in the strip recently wrote to his father to send him ten dollars; that he was broke and on the hog train. The old gentleman replied: "Sell your hogs and come home."

SLAMS AT WICHITA.

From the Norton Kansas.

The finest corn fields in the state are to be seen in Wichita.

The Eagle's subscription list has not decreased any here since Rev. George's attack.

From the Norton Kansas.

When the Wichita Eagle runs out of two line items it announces that Hill Dalton is still dead.

From the Kansas City Star.

Wichita has a Chinaman who makes his own fireworks. The whole of industry are turning right along in Wichita.

From the Emporia Gazette.

The Wichita stock market was bigger than the Chicago market one day last week. There were six cows on the Wichita market.

From the St. Louis Monitor.

The Wichita rainmakers seem to be out of a job, judging from the number of propositions they are making the weathering towns.

From the Peabody Graphic.

There is a man in Wichita who claims to be the original Buffalo Bill. Charles Ross and Tascotti may yet be found making Populist speeches.

From the Burns Citizen.

A preacher by the name of Clapper was holding revival meetings in Wichita last week and all the better of the town went to hear him.

From the Sedgewick Postscript.

People will need to think that Marsh Murdoch is losing his grip. He hasn't written a red-hot anti-woman's suffrage editorial for several days.

From the Kansas City Journal.

It is Wichita East who know how much his things at Kansas City worried the people of this city it certainly wouldn't have the heart to come home.

From the Kansas City Star.

A Wichita girl has made her debut in art by painting a picture called "Jehobah." A composite photograph of Mrs. Lease and the Cooking club was the model.

From the Schuylkill Democrat.

Wichita wants the earth. There is a fellow down there who claims to be the original Buffalo Bill, and he is looking for a partner, a friend of the most virile type.

From the Peabody Graphic.

The recent disappearance of a politician over in eastern Kansas should remind the people of Wichita that it is time to send out a search warrant for Prince "Hail."

From the Emporia Republican.

The Leavelles went to a picnic at Wichita at which there was a banker and an insurance man and three kinds of salad. Is this sounding like the plain people?

From the Caldwell Advertiser.

What hath God wrought? The collection at Wichita is completed and out of respect to Marsh Murdoch the next national convention of "bureaucrats" should be held there.

From the Emporia Republican.

The Wichita Eagle has advanced another step by using a much better quality of paper than the daily. The whole of the town now look back and smile at the traditional "good old days."

From the Wellington Mail.

The Wellington girl says right out "there are no flies on him." The Wichita girl says "well sides" the Arkansas City girl says "he can put his clothes in my trunk" but the Windford girls gently affirm "there are no insects, indicative of lethargy hovering about him."

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Ride a hobby, of course, but make it draw something of value.—Baptist Union.

—May I tell you why it seems to me a good thing for us to remember a wrong that has been done to us? That we may forgive it.—Dickens.

—It is only necessary to grow old in order to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not been myself inclined to.—Goethe.

—Jones made me smile.—said Royce, entering Blade. "How is that?" "Asked me to have a drink, and wouldn't take 'No' for a refusal."—Toledo Blade.

—Time is infinitely long, but it doesn't seem that way when a fellow has only about two minutes and a half to catch his train.—Somerville Journal.

—The merry catchword swallowed up the other's new piece.

—And answered: "It is nice to have a literary taste."

—Washington Star.

THE TERRILL-PURDY MEDICAL AND SURGICAL INSTITUTE.

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